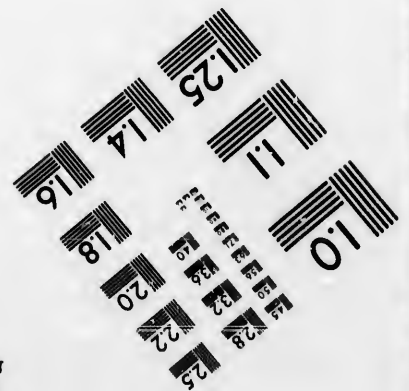
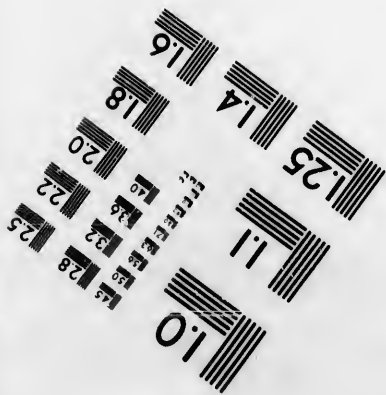
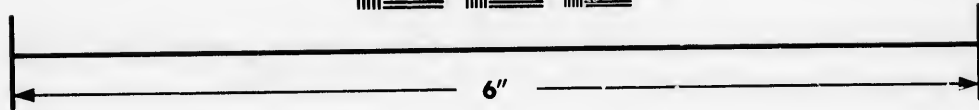
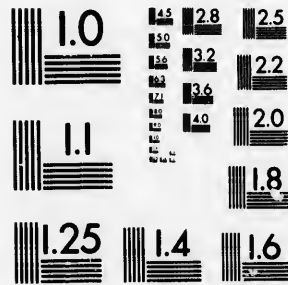


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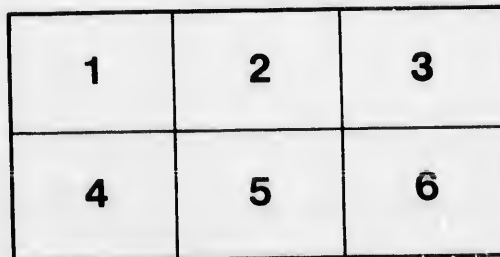
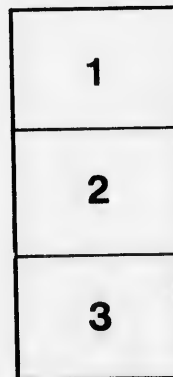
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BURGOYNE.

A POEM

WRITTEN FOR THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT SCHUYLERVILLE,

ON THE

17th of October, 1877,

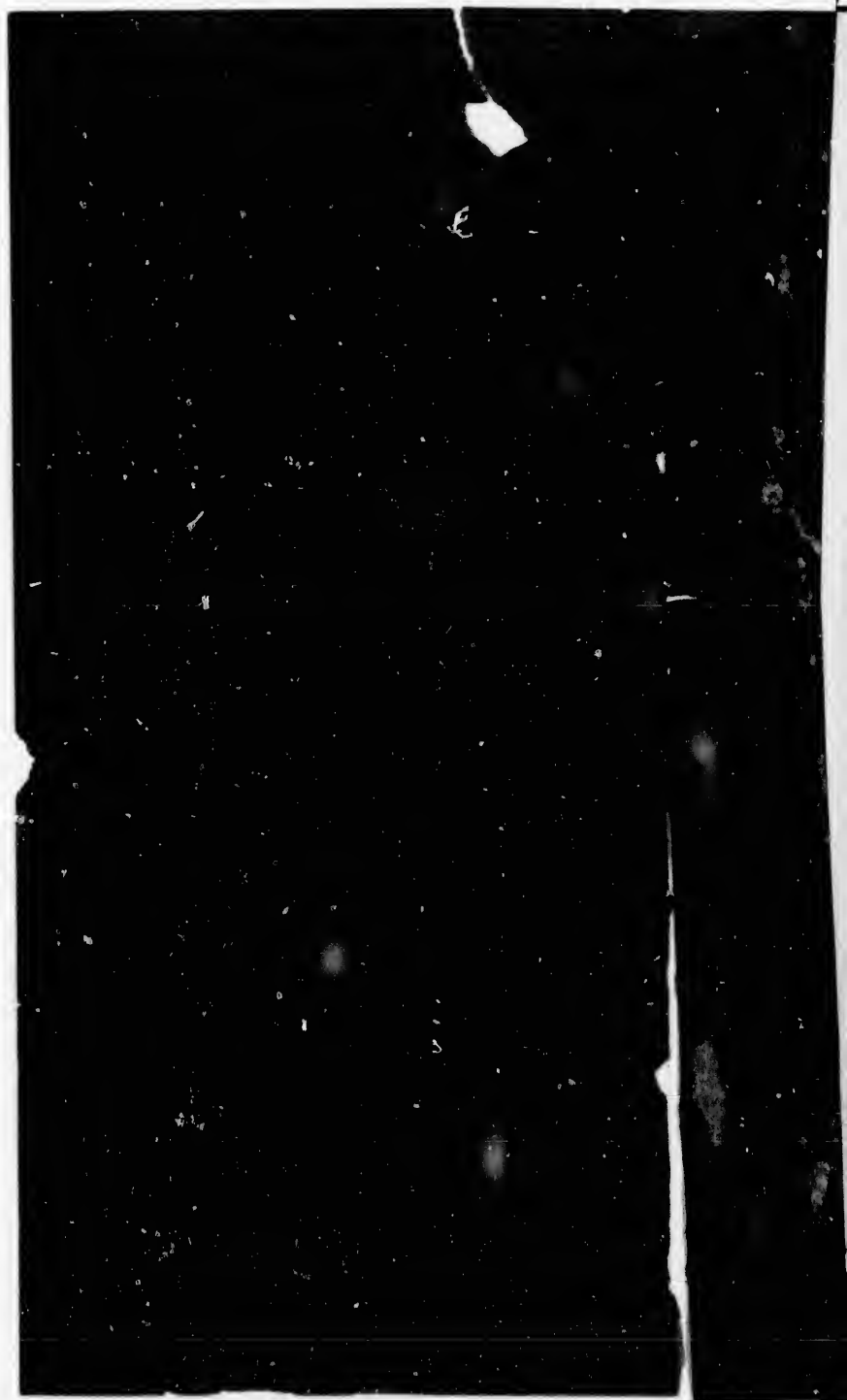
OF

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

BY

ALFRED B. STREET.

ALBANY:
WEED, PARSONS AND COMPANY,
1877.



BURGOYNE.

A POEM

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WRITTEN FOR THE

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BURGOYNE.

WHEN fell Rome's fabric, dire the ruin wrought;
With spectral twilight the whole earth was fraught;
A few stars shone that twilight to illumine
Where Superstition groped in Gothic gloom.
To cloistral walls fled Learning in affright,
Missals to blazon, mystic scrolls indite.
What though breathed music in Provençal bowers,
And Architecture wreathed its fadeless flowers;
Built the dim church, with painted panes aglow,
And arched the abbey on its pillars low;
Though Painting, of all Nature's hues the heir,
Enameled canvas into jewels rare;
The loftiest virtues of the soul lay dead,
Right, swordless, crouched to Wrong's crowned, conquering
tread.

And though grand Freedom's essence never dies,
It drooped, despairing, under despot-skies.
If aught it asked, Darius like, the Throne,
At its awed look, in wrathful lightnings shone.
Its food the acorn and its home the cell,
Its only light but showed its manacle;
Until its eye, at throned Oppression's foot,
Saw slavery's towering tree, its heart the root,
Cast Upas shadow o'er one common grave,
With naught but its own soul its life to save.

BURGOYNE.

And then it rose ; up with one bound it sprung ;
Thunder from a clear sky, its war-shout rung ;
Out flashed its falchion with a sunburst wide,
And wakened thousands sought its warrior side.
As the mist streaming from some towering crag,
It spread the blazon of its glittering flag ;
In savage gorges which the vulture swept,
In lonely caverns where the serpent crept,
Close where the tumbling torrent hurled its spray,
And shadowy cedars twined a twilight day,
Clutching its sword and battling on its knee,
Still Freedom fought ; and though the swelling sea
Of cruel Wrong yet drove it, struggling, higher,
It could not quench its pure, celestial fire ;
From peak to peak it rose, until the height
Showed it but heaven wherein to take its flight.
Round flew its glance, it saw its myriad foes
Following, still following, rising as it rose ;
Following, still following ! was no refuge nigh ?
Naught on the earth, and only in the sky ?
Round flew its glance, it pierced beyond the wave !
Ha ! the New World emerges ! — shall it save ?
Hark, a wild cry ! — it is the eagle's scream !
See, a broad light, the far league-conquering stream
Linking all climates, where it reaching flows,
Its head the snow-drift and its foot the rose.
Mountains rise there that know no tread of Kings ;
Blasts that waft liberty on chainless wings ;
Lakes that hold skies, the swallow tries to cross ;
Prairies, earth-oceans ; woods, a whirlwind's toss
Would seem a puny streak ; and with one tongue
All thundered " come ! " the welkin, echoing, rung
" Come ! " and it went ; it took its Mayflower flight.
Fierce raged the blast, cold billows hurled their might,

Winter frowned stern, he pierced to Freedom's heart ;
White spread the strand, and Hunger reared his dart ;
The tree-crouched panther met, by day, its sight,
The wolf's eye starred the window-pane at night ;
Though Winter entered in its heart, he braced
With strength its frame ; its feet the forest traced,
Despising hardship ; by the torrent rocked
Its bark canoe ; the wild tornado shocked
Way through the prostrate woods and, grazing, sent
No dread, as by its roof the horror went ;—
From choice it climbed the dizzy cliff to glance
Over its realm's magnificent expanse.

There the vast forest stood, the free, the green,
The wild, a tangled, thronging, vaulted scene.
In mantling emerald stretched its wavy floor
Carpets of moss and vines rich spreading o'er ;
There, the white cohosh, furzy sunac, gems
Of the wild allspice, grass and clover stems,
And strawberry, the curious Indian pipe,
The creeping pine that lays its fringy stripe
Beside the running hemlock ; higher stood
Oak, beech and maple sprouts, a brotherhood
Twin-leaved ; the branchy fern and feathery brake ;
Still higher, the dense bushes wreathed, that make
A sea waist-deep ; the saplings higher still ;
Then loftier leaves that, one twined ceiling, fill
The eye ; and towering over all, the pine
And hemlock, whose green crowns forever shine
In light, or frown in gloom, and feel the breath
Of every wind ; white, motionless as death,
The depths below ; through this cleft roofing, pries
The sunshine ; vistas open where the skies
Admit the grass to grow and bird to build,

BURGOYNE.

The flowers to flourish and the sunlight gild.
 Through ambush green the little mole-rill tells
 Its burrowing by its purl along the dells,
 Mounds in the soft, black mould proclaim the dens
 Of woodchuck, fox and rabbit; ready fens
 Bristle; vast swamps of laurel spread around
 In pools where trees dead, spectral, stand; the ground
 Sodden with wet, yields rank, green slime and moss
 To old, black logs and branches fallen across;
 In hideous contrast to the lovely green
 And living things of the surrounding scene.
 Here glance the graceful deer; the panther prowls;
 The big, black bear jolts round; the gaunt wolf howls;
 The small, red tribesmen of the woodland swarm,
 Live their glad summer lives, and nestle warm
 In their close winter haunts; the eagle claps
 His pinion here; the famished vulture flaps
 In searching flight; the pigeon of the wood
 Colors the green with blue; her downy brood
 The partridge hides at danger's sign; the quail
 Chequers the vista's gold; its nightly wail
 The whippoorwill repeats; till Autumn's sad
 Katydid dirge proclaims that all things glad
 Are leaving; then October's sunset glows
 And Winter's twilight brings the choking snows.

Broadening the picture, here, grand rivers rolled
 Grand mountains rose; and in their numbers bold,
 Wild foemen thronged with tomahawk and knife
 Ready to whelm in most unequal strife,
 But what of these! a stalwart heart and arm
 Freedom upbore, the danger owned a charm,
 And in the forest with bold tread it trod
 Waging the contest for itself and God.

And soon blithe harvests waved where forests frowned ;
Roofs studded rivers ; and in gladdening sound
The song of Peace and Industry arose,
Where burst the war-whoops of unsparing foes ;
And church-spires pointed where up towered the pine ;
And Freedom planted sure its ever-living shrine.

Oh ! glorious Freedom ! grandest, brightest gift
Kind heaven has given our souls to heavenward lift !
Oh ! glorious Freedom ! are there hearts so low
That its live flame finds there no answering glow ?
It soars sublime beyond the patriot's love,
Stands fast that sways, save thought that dwells above !
Slaves love their homes ; a patriot glad will die
For native land, though she in chains may lie ;
Noblest by far, the soul that loves to fall
In the red front at Freedom's sacred call ;
His heart right's shield, he braves the Despot's ban
Not for himself to perish, but for man.

So when crowned Wrong made here his first advance,
Flashed from our fathers, wrath's immediate glance ;—
Freedom their life, the sceptre but essayed
Attempt, to send their swift hand to their blade.
Their serried front said " stay ! " their eyes " beware ! "
" Rouse not the still prone panther from his lair ! "
But vain the mandate, vain the warning spoke,
The King strode onward and the land awoke.

Stately the sight, Recording History shows
When the red walls of our Republic rose !
Reared in deep woods, beneath a scarce-known sky,
In puny strifes that hardly claimed the eye

Of lands still trembling with the thundering track
 Of Saxe and Marlborough; where startling, back
 Russia's black Eagle had the Crescent hurled,
 Threatening so late to dominate the world.

In a grand age our Nation opened eye!
 A dazzling sunshine bathed the mental sky;
 Voltaire his keen bright darts of wit still sent;
 Rousseau his tender moonlight sentiment;
 Napoleon's star was rising to absorb
 All space in grandeur of his fierce, wild orb;
 Painting wore garland that Sir Joshua wreathed;
 Promethean life Canova's marble breathed;
 Cowper was shedding his soft gentle strains
 Over old England's rustic fields and lanes;
 Burns, lyric lark! whose nest was by the plow,
 Forming his song-pearls for his Scotia's brow;
 At Garrick's art the Drama laughed and grieved;
 In Dibdin's sailor-songs, pleased Ocean heaved;
 Johnson was building up his pomp of words;
 White hearkening speech from animals and birds;
 Goldsmith had just, by death, from his resort
 Been freed, his picturesque, cracked, clothes-lined court;
 Linnæus was yielding language mute to flowers;
 Gibbon re-rearing Rome's majestic towers;
 Herschel, with daring clutch, was making prize
 Of God's grand secrets in the startled skies;
 Burke shedding round his rich anroral gleams;
 Pitt weaving Britain in a web of schemes;
 While Cook, his far away sea-bird wing unfurled,
 Searching Pacific's dim, mysterious world
 Weltering round isles where Fancy reared her throne,
 In scenes to Learning's utmost lore unknown.

Mid all this affluence of deed and thought
With which this age of majesty was fraught,
Two war-cries rung on a new nation's breath,
This from the warm South, "Liberty or Death!"
This from the cold North, both stern shouted thence,
"Nothing for tribute, millions for defense!"
Up sprung a Land with weapon bared for use,
Like Pallas bounding from the brow of Zeus.

The Revolution, our Heroic Age!
Its deeds, its times should every heart engage!
Not in the mist of mythic doubt it lies;
Its fingers touch us and it fills our eyes.
The household antlers hold the musket yet
Which rang at Concord;—that bent bayonet
Glittered at Yorktown;—yea, but few years back,
The grand-sire lingered who had seen the track
Of famed Burgoyne a century ago,
Who bowed his haughty head before his generous foe.

Yea, a Heroic Age! athwart the breast
Of many a battle-field, its seal is prest;
In woods, still sighs the pine for many a lost;
Fields in thick waves, by many a grave is crost;
Many the deeds that dear Tradition keeps;
Many the heart with household fame that leaps;

The dead that perished! many and many a shrine
Is strewed around where tenderest memories twine;
In gloomy gorges where the eagle wheels,
Under the storm-cliff where the thunder peals,
In grassy dingles where the wild-bird sings,
By the bright streamlet where the cowslip swings,
In rocky glens where cascades whiten down,

In chasms where hemlocks cast eternal frown,
 In woods where wail the winds without a break,
 In lonely clearing and by sail-white lake,
 There sleep the brave; we reap the seed they sowed!
 Cherish their memories then, while memory holds abode.

On Concord green, the rustie king's arm woke;
 And Bunker donned his battle helm of smoke;
 Clubbing his musket, on he strode to where
 His footstep led him through the Lion's lair;
 The Union Flag, with crosses of St. George
 And Andrew, and the stripes in Freedom's forge
 Wrought like hot steel's white-crimson hues, appeared
 At Cambridge-camp, by Washington up-reared;
 (The crosses sign of our yet loyalty;
 The stripes significant we would be free);
 The foe was swept from Boston, but his tread
 Was o'er the Excelsior City's humbled head;
 Washington, printing Jersey with his blood,
 Fled from the foe; then o'er the icy flood
 Of Trenton sent the King his Christmas-dole
 Launched in fierce lightnings from his wrathful soul;
 And then his New-Year greeting, where the height
 Of Princeton gleamed in victory's gladdening light.

The Crown surveying thus the varying tide
 Of conquest, towering in its haughty pride,
 In close debate, at last its plan evolved,
 And on one final crushing blow resolved.

New England, east of the Excelsior State,
 In its stern hills and rocky vales, the great
 And teeming camp for freedom's battles, formed;
 West, the wild lakes with savage nations swarmed,

That struck the war-post for their sire, the King;
 Could Britain's arm, in one grand effort, swing
 A blow to cleave the Excelsior State beneath;
 New England's blade were powerless in its sheath;
 Their portals spread, the Great Lakes would outpour
 Their fierce red floods to whelm the region o'er,
 The struggling, hopeless South, then, part by part.
 Would yield, till freedom left the nation's heart.

Three threatening strands were woven by the Crown;
 One stretching up Champlain; one reaching down
 The Mohawk valley whose green depths retained
 Its Tory heart, Fort Stanwix scarce restrained;
 And one up Hudson's flood; the three to link
 Where stood Albania's gables by its brink.

Glance at the picture — ere we spread our wing —
 Of the grand battle whose famed deeds we sing!
 Here spreads Champlain with mountain skirted shore
Canadere Guarentie, open door
 Of the fierce Iroquois to seek their foes
 In regions stretching from Canadian snows.
 West, in a purple dream of misty crag,
 The Adirondacks' wavy outlines drag;
 East, the Green Mountains, home of meadowy brooks,
 Of cross road hamlets, sylvan school-house nooks,
 Church-covered hills and lion-heated men
 Taught by the torrent tumbling down the glen,
 By the grand tempests sweeping around the cliff,
 By the wild waters tossing by their skiff
 Freedom, till freedom grew their very life
 And slavery with all earthly curses rife.
 Next, the dark Horican that mountain-vein,
 Bright islet-spangled tassel to Champlain;

The Highlands souled with Washington and grand
 With his high presence watching o'er the land :
 Thy heights, oh Bemis! green with woods yet white
 With flakes of tents, zigzag with works and bright
 With flags; while, in perspective, we discern
 Grouped round great Washington, with features stern
 In patriot care and doubt, the forms of Wayne
 Putnam and Green and all the shadowy train
 Of Congress, wrapt spectators from afar,
 Of where fierce Battle drove his flashing, thundering car.

As when some dream tumultuous fills the night
 With changeful scenes, and plunges past the sight
 In hazy shapes, and dark looks, till at last
 With all its weird, wild phantasm, it is past,
 So the broad picture as it melts away,
 And once more in our heart peals out the trumpet-lay.

A deep stern sound! the starting signal-roar!
 And up Champlain Burgoyne's great squadron bore.
 In front, his savage ally's bark canoes
 Flashing in all their bravery wild of hues;
 Their war-songs sounding and their paddles timed;
 Next the batteaux, their runde, square shapes sublimed
 With pennon, sword and bayonet, casting glow
 In penciled pictures on the plain below:
 Last, the grand ships, by queenly Mary led
 Where shines Burgoyne in pomp of gold and red;
 And then in line, St. George, Inflexible
 And radeau Thunderer, dancing on the swell
 The glad wind made; how stately shone the scene!
 June in the forests each side smiling green!
 The graceful chestnut's dark green dome was fraught
 With golden tassels; ivory, seeming brought

From winter lingering in the Indian Pass,
Mantled the locust ; as in April grass
Rich dandelions burn, the basswood showed
Its bells of yellow ; while the dogwood glowed
In a white helmet thickly plumed atop ;
The earlier cherry let its sweet pearls drop
With every breeze ; the hemlock smiled with edge
Fringed in fresh emerald ; even the sword-like sedge,
Sharp mid the snowy lily-goblets set
In the nooked shallows like a spangled net,
Was jeweled with brown bloom. By curving point
Where glittering ripples amber sands anoint
With foamy silver, by deep crescent bays
Sleeping beneath their veil of drowsy haze,
By watery coverts shimmering faint in film,
Broad, rounded knolls one creamy, rosy realm
Of laurel blossom with the kalmia-urns
Dotted with red, the fleet, as sentient, turns
The winding channel ; in tall towers of white
The stately ships reflect the golden light
Dazzling the lake ; the huge batteaux ply deep
Their laboring, dashing pathway ; fronting, keep,
With measured paddle-strokes, the light canoes
Their gliding course ; the doe, upstarting, views
And hides her fawn ; the panther marks the scene
And bears her cubs within the thicket's screen ;
The wolf lifts sharpened ear and forward foot ;
Waddles the bear away with startled hoot
As some sail sends a sudden flash of white
In the cove's greenery, slow essaying flight
The loon rears, flapping, its checked, grazing wings,
Till up it struggling flies and downward flings
Its Indian whoop ; the bluebird's sapphire hue
Kindles the shade ; the pigeon's softer blue

Breaks, swarming, out; the robin's warble swells
In crumply cadence from the skirting dells;
And restless rings the bobolink's bubbly note
From the clear bell that tinkles in his throat.
Thus stately, cheerily moves the thronging fleet!
On the lake's steel the blazing sunbeams beat;
But now a blast comes blustering from a gorge;
The white caps dance; it bends the tall St. George
And even the Thunderer tosses; the array
Breaks up; canoe, batean, grope doubtful way
Through the dim air; in spectral white, each sail
Glances and shivers in the whistling gale;
All the green paintings of point, bank and tree
Vanish in black and white, and all but see
A close horizon where near islands lose
Their shapes, and distant ranks of forest fuse
Into a mass; at length the blast flies off
Shallows stop rattling, and the hollow cough
Of surges into caves makes gradual cease
Till on, the squadron glides, once more in sunny peace.

So in some blue-gold day white clouds up-float
In shining throng, and next are dashed remote
By a fierce wind, then join in peace again
And smoothly winnow o'er the heavenly plain;
Or so some fleet of wild fowl on the lake,
Dipping and preening, quiet journey take,
Till the sky drops an eagle circling low
For the straight plunge; wild scattering to and fro
They seek the shed of bank, the cave of plants,
Tunnel of stream, wherever lurk their hannts,
Until the baffled eagle seeks again
His sky, and safety holds, once more, its reign.

When lay Champlain in eve's gold-plated glass
And rich, black pictures etched the glowing grass,
The crews debarked ; their camp-fires round would rear
And hang their kettles for their nightly cheer ;
Then rose the tents, like mushrooms, to the moon ;
Swords would be edged and muskets polished ; soon
Slumber would fan its wings, and in the bright
Soft, delicate peace, would croon the Summer Night.

Then the gray day-dawn through the leaves would look ;
Red coats would gleam in every emerald nook
And weapons glitter ; as the mist would crawl
From the smooth lake and up the forest wall,
Sails would shine out and blottings of canoe
Blent with batean would thicken on the view ;
Rings of dead ashes, prostrate trees half burned,
Trunks into black Egyptian marble turned
Where curling fires had scorched the streaky moss,
Roofs of dead leaves where branches stooped across
And soil burned black and smoking still, would show
Where through the night had shone the camp-fire glow :
Limbs drooping loose and logs with gaping cuts
Where the brigade had reared their bushy huts ;
A deer's head on a stump, a bear-skin cast
Beneath, where late the redman held repast ;
The drum's beat then would sound, and shrilly fife ;
Dingle and aisle would flash with martial life ;
Once more the fleet would start, and up its way
Take as the whole scene brightened into day.

On Lady Mary's deck Burgoyne would stand
Drinking the sights and sounds at either hand
Replete with beauty to his poet-heart ;
Laughing to scorn man's paltry works of Art.

The grassy vista with its grazing deer ;
 The lone loon oaring on its shy career ;
 The withered pine-tree with its fish-hawk nest ;
 The eagle-eyrie on some craggy crest ;
 The rich white lilies that wide shallows told ;
 Their yellow sisters with their globes of gold
 At the stream's mouth ; the ever changeful Lake ;
 Here, a green gleaming, there, a shadowy rake
 Of scudding air-breath ; here, a dazzling flash
 Searing the eyeball ; there, a sudden dash
 Of purple from some cloud ; a streak of white
 The wake of some scared duck avoiding sight ;
 The dogwood plumed with many a pearly gem,
 Was a bright queen with her rich diadem ;
 An oak with some crooked branch up pointing grand,
 A monarch with his sceptre in his hand ;
 A rounded root a prostrate pine-tree rears
 A slumbering giant's mighty shield appears ;
 A long-drawn streak of cloud with pendent swell
 Of hill, a beam with its suspended bell ;
 In some gray ledge, high lifted up, he sees
 An ancient castle looking from its trees ;
 Some mountain's rugged outline shows the trace
 Of the odd profile of the human face ;
 A slender point tipped with its drinking deer
 Seems to his soldier eye a prostrate spear ;
 In the near partridge-pinion's rolling hum,
 He hears, with smiles, the beating of the drum ;
 And in the thresher's tones with music rife,
 The stirring flourish of the whistling fife ;
 And thus his fancy roams, till twilight draws
 Around the fading scene its silver gauze.

A golden, lazy summer afternoon !
 The air is fragrant with the scents of June

Wintergreen, sassafras and juniper,
 Rich birch-breath, pungent mint and spicy fir
 And resinous cedar ; on Carillon's walls
 The sentry paces where the cool shadow falls ;
 His comrad sits, his musket on his knee,
 Watching the speckling gnats convulsively
 Sticking the clear dark air that films some nook.
 He hears the dashing of the Horeau brook
 Loud at the West — that curved and slender chain
 By which the Tassel hangs upon Champlain —
 It chimes within his ear like silver bells,
 And the sweet jangling only quiet tell ;
 In front he sees the long and leafy points
 Curving the waters into elbow-joints
 Of Bays ; a crest beyond the old French Lines,
 Domes the flat woods ; east, opposite, inclines
 Mount Independence, its sloped summit crowned
 With its star-fort, with battery breast-plate bound,
 The floating bridge between, the massive boom
 And chain in front, and in the rearward room
 A group of patriot craft ; and sweeping thence
 The forest landscape's green magnificence.
 Southward the Lake a narrowed river bends
 With one proud summit where the brook suspends
 Horeau's tassel to King Corlaer's crown,
 Close to Carillon's dark embattled frown.

 Sunset its arrows through the fortress shot ;
 In velvet softness shone the warlike spot ;
 Gold filled embrasures, walls in rich array
 Stretched betwixt bastions ; shadows crawled away
 To nooks and angles, or slept cool and dark
 Within the ball-coned corners ; many a spark
 The cannon glanced, their grim mouths bright in sheen,
 With muskets yoked to pyramids between.

A group of soldiers, where the wall looked North,
Stood by a cannon ; one was stretching forth
A deer-skin pouch of bullets ; with quick snap
One tried his lock ; a third was in his cap
Fastening a medal stamped in brass ; two more
Were glancing downward on the curving shore.
A coat of butternut swathed one, patched, worn,
And striped with bullet pouch and powder horn ;
A white slouched hat stooped sidewise on his head
Plumed with a sable feather tipped in red.
The next a coarse gray jacket wore with black
On cuff and collar, braided breast and back
In sable cord ; with cap of leathern gloss
A brazen plate in front, which in a cross
A sword and trumpet showed, a swallow-tailed
Artillery coat of blue, with skirts that trailed
Near to the foot, darned neat, and newly vamped,
With rows of big brass buttons deeply stamped
With the spread eagle, front, cuff, collar, bright
In gold-laced red, a black chapeau pinched tight
At either end, a fourth displayed ; a fringed
Green hunting-shirt, in portions frayed and tinged
With brown, a flapped, red hat upon his brow
Disclosed a fifth ; as he had left the plow,
The next showed coarse white sleeves, and, oddest sight !
A bear-skin helmet of preposterous height
And weight, surmounting brows that scarce sixteen
Fresh summers had smoothed over with their sheen.

All weapons worn ; a kings-arm, one, of weight ;
A rifle one ; a sword, that seemed in date,
A century, one ; the next, a bayonet ground
To keenest edge ; a sickle which had found
A hickory handle, held the fifth ; the last

Owned the steel-pointed spear beside him cast.
 Sudden one starts! around the northward curve,
 Turrets of white, in stately motion, swerve,
 With blocks, like giant beetles, stretched in rank,
 Canoes, batteaux and boats; and either bank
 In gleam and flash with moving spots of red,
 Telling the coming foeman's landward tread;
 While hovering in the front, like ducks, in nooks
 Of the bent banks and coves of entering brooks,
 In the wreathed lily shallows, mid the drift
 Of brush-wood bays, white rapids shooting swift,
 Or threading some low brink's impending arch,
 The patriot watch-boats warn the approaching march;
 The flashing shores, the moving fleet between,
 Making a picture of the sunset scene.

Through roused Carillon quick the story flies;
 Guns change to groups and loopholes stare with eyes.
 Up glides the flag, defiant shouts outbreak;
 Soon would Burgoyne his backward pathway take!
 Swift will Carillon's thunder hurl his doom
 Even ere he splintered on the barrier-beam!
 Ah false belief! ah mocking cheer! but stay!
 Let sad experience the fell truth display!

Twilight creeps grayly forth; the French Lines Crest
 And Sugar Loaf in dreamy blue are drest:
 Glimmers the Lake; the sails, in dusky white,
 Seem ghosts half merged within the pallid light;
 Peace with her soft, warm stars, breathes o'er, till soon
 Rosy and roundly lifts the whitening moon.

A silver painting now the scene displays;
 The forests glitter and the waters blaze;

Carillon's black is turned to tender white
 Where the moon enters with transforming light ;
 Bastions are sleeked, grim curtains smoothed, and loops
 Dart streaks of pearl o'er ball and musket-groups ;
 The hostile sails are brightened into snow ;
 The woods seem slumbering in the mantling glow ;
 The French Lines smmit surges on the sky ;
 Peaceful and soft and quite to the eye
 Looks towering Sngar Loaf ! could Carillon's sight
 Have pierced the distance, what a shuddering fright
 Had seized his heart ! there, struggling groups of men
 Clambered rough rocks ; the torrent of the glen
 Sprinkled strained ropes that lifted cannon up
 From tree to tree ; the hollow's ferny cup,
 The cavern's lichened ledge, the panther's lair,
 The wolf's close haunt, the chamber of the bear,
 Felt trampling throngs all fighting toward the top ;
 The moonlight mountain, as they climbed, let drop
 Its varied sounds ; its ear had never before
 Harkened such tumult ; thus the night hours bore
 The chequered picturcs to the tints that make
 Day-break cartoons of forest and of lake.

The scene now glimmers with the frescoes drawn
 By the gray pencil of the rising dawn ;
 Then the white pictures painted by the mist ;
 Then the east's rim by living radiance kissed ;
 Sugar Loaf glitters in the crimson hues ;
 Not those the glances that the moon diffuse !
 Like a dense curtain up the mist is rolled ;
 The Lake expands in point and headland ; bold
 The woods stand forth, the vessels whiten out ;
 And a fresh summer sunrise smiles about.
 Carillon gazes ; those rich tints now here

Now there, gleam brokenly and disappear ;
 Is that a banner-flash ? that brassy glow
 Cast by a cannon ? yes ! it is the foe !
 Carillon shudders ; there he naked stands
 His vain-drawn weapons useless in his hands ;
 Certain destruction threatens from on high ;
 Naught can avert, like lightning from the sky.

On the warm ledges of the mountain's crest
 Starred with blue harebells o'er the velvet breast
 Of fringing moss, the red-coat sentry sees,
 As sunset glitters through the goldened trees,
 Carillon quiet, with his sullen frown,
 Seeming in slumber ; Night with pearly crown
 Follows ; what glare bursts sudden forth ! the sheen
 Startles to fierce, wild, crimson life, the scene !
 It shows dark masses through the floating bridge
 Streaming where Independence rears its ridge,
 Streaming from bared Carillon ; on the Lake
 A fleet of patriot boats and galleys take
 Their upward path ; Mount Hope, the French Lines crest —
 Named by the foe to mark the joyous zest
 Its capture gave — sends Fraser, battle-famed,
 In quick pursuit ; while Mount Defiance — named
 From Sugar Loaf to show his scorn — yields too
 Its throngs exultant, eager to pursue.
 Within the eastward woods they plunged, in rear
 Of the retreating foe ; by moonlight clear
 And mottled gloom, the rough road led them on ; —
 O'er zigzag rails the elder blossoms shone
 Like silver lanterns ; on the banks, in spots
 The foxfire glared ; the yager over knots
 Of roots groped slow, his spatterdashes soaked
 In the fern's dew, his bayonet frequent yoked

With branches ; the chasseur's huge helmet now
 Cleaved the low leaves like some aerial plow,
 And now the grenadier of Barner crushed
 His sharp cap on some ledge as by he brushed.
 Dawn its gray glimmer through the gloom distils ;
 Then morning glitters on the Pittsford Hills.
 At Hubbardton the patriot foe makes pause,
 And Battle, for the first his falchion draws.
 But stay not Song thy fairy sandal here !
 Thy lyre is mute at whistle of the spear !
 Let but one cadence, brief and mournful, tell
 How Fraser triumphed and how Francis fell.
 While on, St. Clair through wilds, torn, bleeding, passed
 Until Fort Edward refuge gave at last.

Meanwhile, Burgoyne pursued the patriot fleet
 Up the curved narrowing Lake ; the glittering sheet
 Showed now their path, and now, where high banks wound,
 Hidden the way ; Morn flings her jewels round
 Where the lake's head sweeps, crescent-like, about,
 And Skenesboro' stands with store-house and redoubt ;
 Moored, there, the patriot-raft ; but soon War claims
 His horrid spoil ; the spot is wrapt in flames
 Waked by the patriots and Burgoyne ; at night
 Brave Long, with his Carillon force in flight,
 Threads a blind pathway tunnelled through the trees
 To where Wood Creek Fort Ann's earth-rampart sees.

All night, a stump or bush, along their road,
 Like a crouched savage lurking for them, showed.
 Or flashes of some hunter's camp-fire looked
 Like red-coats ; with a log, beside them nooked,
 Seeming a cannon to dispute their way ;
 So on they struggled till the rich moon's ray

Shrank in the rosy brilliancy of day.
 Haste, likewise, from this spot, oh Song! thy lyre
 Too frail for thunder-tones; the battle-fire
 Makes its gold strings too hot for thy soft touch;
 In the bright spear thou seest the wretched crutch
 Of the maimed soldier; in the trumpet's twang
 Thou hear'st the orphan's cry; yet if the clang
 Of war could joy thee, well thy tones could ring
 Here, where the Lion felt the Eagle's wing
 Cut keen and deep; but as thy tones expire,
 Haste! scenes more grateful claim thy jewelled lyre.

Face to the foe brave Schuyler down retreats;
 Fort Edward's ruined bastions now he greets;
 His thin ranks thinning with the thickening days
 Now Saratoga meets his longing gaze.
 In vain! no refuge! on! till Mohawk's smile
 Welcomes the wanderer to her safety-isle.

Days roll along; at length Burgoyne begins
 His downward march, but progress brief he wins.
 Schuyler, with prescient, patient toil, had wrought,
 Till the wide pathway of the foe was caught
 Within a web of levelled woods, of streams
 Bridgeless, paths choked, tangles of broken beams,
 Smooth avenues beckoning to quick-sand swamps,
 All shackling every step; war's glittering pomps
 Turned to a huddling, struggling, writhing mass
 Striving with wild, convulsive strength, to pass.

Thus, the wroth region flings itself across
 The invader's path; the pines and hemlocks toss
 Their mighty arms, ask hoarse through windy leaves
 "Why comes he here!" the towering windfall weaves

Its torturing net ; the bog its treacherous length
 Clutching the footstep, wearying down the strength,
 Spreading its Indian plumes in crimson glow
 As if to warn him of the blood to flow ;
 The streamlet, hid in nooks of sunken logs
 And marshy reeds, the ponderous cannon clogs ;
 Vainly the gallant Jones swift plies his scourge,
 His buried battery-wheels can scarce emerge ;
 The hoof of Fraser's stont grey warhorse sinks
 In flowery mire ; Riedesel's sabre clinks
 On the prone trunk his barb essays to scale ;
 Low boughs the flag, wrapped round its staff, assail ;
 Order was lost ; the sword of the chasseur
 Jostled the drum ; the trail the moccasin wore
 The musket widened to a path ; o'er hill
 Through vale, beside the little lyric rill,
 Over ravines by prostrate trees, they wend
 From morn till evening's blurring shades descend.

Here, zigzag breast-works, left so late, the print
 Of leaving feet shows fresh ; the crushed down mint
 There, telling where the gun was hauled away
 From the embrasure ; pickets in array
 With none to man them ; on, thus, on, they go,
 Weary with seeking a dissolving foe.

The Kingsbury marshes shine one blushing hue
 Of rarely absent Indian plumes ; in blue
 Of moose-heads, glow the streams ; warm mulberry tints
 Display the rushes in wet nooks ; a chintz
 Of lovely tinges in the glossy browns
 Of piny knolls their own lme nearly drowns
 In flowery dyes ; and in green dells is spilt
 A mass of color like a brindled quilt.

The running-hemlock's drops of ruddy wax,
 The hanging honeysuckle's streaky sacks,
 The yet scarce aster, and the golden rod
 Whose curling plume begins to light the sod,
 Kindle their path with all the wealth of flowers
 That Summer summons to her forest bowers.

At night, the camp-fire's mighty eyeballs glare
 In flashing rings; the trees around them stare;
 The grenadier's red coat shines one fixed blush;
 The Hessian's crimson cap takes livelier flush;
 Here, gleams a buckle; there, a feather-plate;
 A brazen clasp; in all his painted state
 The Indian stands and edges by the glow
 Anew his hatchet for the coming foe.

As on, Burgoyne — Fear flies before, around,
 With ear erect to catch the faintest sound,
 And eyes wild starting every sight to see;
 Is that a red-coat glancing from a tree?
 Or sunset's straggling beam? that sound, the tramp
 Of the approaching foe? the hunter's camp
 Cowers lonely in the woods; the settler's hut
 Has lost its latch-string, and its door is shut.
 The ambushed trap lurks baitless by the creek;
 The deer treads fearless to the pearly lick;
 The cattle-group have left the rubbing-tree,
 In far away coverts they roam wild and free;
 The ripened rye lies matted round the stumps;
 Through whitening buckwheat bold the rabbit jumps,
 Among the graining corn beneath the moon
 Nibbles, unmarked, the seated, shy raccoon;
 The back-log blackens where the kettle sung;
 The cat stalks ghostly where the clock-tones rung

To merry household groups; and dust pearls now
 The fringed asparagus, whose mounded bough
 Filled the wide hearth-stone; in the yard, the axe
 Lies in the chips late showering from its hacks;
 And the dry grindstone hangs its wheel of gray
 Stirless; and but half-pitched, stands by its loft, the hay.

War's red romance now claims the sorrowing lyre!
 Love's victim! let the trumpet-tones expire!
 No dulcet strain beneath the moonlight sky;
 The mournful cadence breathes but one long sigh.
 Ah, hapless maiden! ah, poor Jennie McCrea!
 The Wyandotte Panther grasps his hapless prey!
 Ah, savage heart! he aims—she falls! the sweep
 Of glorious tresses, black as midnight, heap
 The wampum belt! ah, lovely, lovely head,
 By the unsparing knife so foully shred!

But let the minstrel of the period tell
 How that dark deed, that murder base, befell.
 The mill his muse, its great throb beat the strain
 Of the poetic measure in his brain;
 Its gliding straps the lines in smoothness wrought;
 Its hoppers, reservoirs of stirring thought;
 The wheat wove golden pictures as it poured;
 The tireless millwheel music as it roared;
 And all the region round, with blended will,
 Hailed as the minstrel, Robbie of the Mill.
 This ruthless slaughter claimed his tuneful tongue,
 Though shudderings shook his soul, and thus he sung:

List all you good people my sorrowful lay,
 While I sing the sad doom of poor Jennie McCrea.

She waited her lover, her lover to join,
As near came the forces of British Burgoyne.

He came, the fierce savage preceding his path
As the cloud with the lightning red launching its wrath.

She waited her lover, instead of him came
The Wyandotte Panther with eyeballs of flame.

He seized her, and bearing her up on his way,
From her steed shot the maiden, poor Jennie McCrea!

Another fierce savage, as demon-like, shred
The long glossy-locks from her beautiful head.

Weep, souls of soft pity! weep over this woe!
Swear, hearts of stern vengeance! to strike back the blow!

Let us peal forth the shout, as we rush to the fray,
The loud, wrathful war-shout of "Jennie McCrea!"

For as sure as God lives, will he deeply repay
The dark, bloody deed of poor Jennie McCrea.

With soldier songs down treads the exultant foe,
Down, with the region showing wild its woe.
"Britons retreat not," boasts Burgoyne; and down,
Still down, his buoyant march. Can fortune frown
On such a host, rebellion foul to crush
With courage burning, and with conquest flush?
But, while he boasts thus, bright with fortune's sun,
"Never despair," rings out from Washington.
In his wild Highland "Clave" he fixes gaze
With dauntless spirit, and the scene surveys.

As some grand eagle poising in the sky,
 Sees the wide prospect with unwavering eye ;
 Clouds roll around him, veiling all the light ;
 Yet through the darkness, penetrates his sight
 To where the sun is waiting forth to spring,
 And o'er all Nature gleams of gladness fling.
 So he, and on his heart, amid the storm,
 He upward bore the Nation's fainting form.

Turn we to other scenes! In beauty bright
 The Mohawk Valley claims our wandering sight
 Veined by its river; loveliest landscapes smiled
 On every side, the rural and the wild.
 Here, shone the field in billowy gold, and there,
 The shornless forest twined its leafy lair.
 Here, the red homestead weltering in its wheat;
 There, the rude shanty in its green retreat ;
 Where the plow paused, the trapper hid his trap ;
 The kinebell mingled with the rifle's clap ;
 The league-long sable-line stretched on, where ceased
 The farm-lane with the frequent hay cart creased,
 The jutting, loop-holed block-house standing guard
 O'er the rude hamlet by its pickets barred.
 Along the river, poled the heaped bateau ;
 O'er the rough roads the wagon jolted slow ;
 And civilization reared her school-house, where
 The skin-clad hunter lately slew the bear.

At the green valley's head Fort Stanwix stood,
 Its bastions, half restored, ringed close with wood.
 Smooth meadows, southward to the Mohawk led
 North, De-o-wain-sta's mile-long portage spread
 To wild Wood Creek which linked beneath its screen
 With Lake Oneida's rich transparent green.

Opening that region where a fringe of lakes
Hangs from a skirt of wilderness that makes
A sylvan border to the southern flow
Of the grand inland sea, Ontario ;
Those watery pendants not disordered flung,
But seeming as in measured spaces hung
To ornament Ontario's emerald dress
With tassels of pure, diamond loveliness.

A band of boats spots dark Oswego's breast ;
St. Leger's corps, Fort Stanwix to invest ;
Where foamed the Falls, they plunge within the woods
In battle-order ; the wild solitudes
Glitter with knife and musket ; massive boots
Tear through the thickets, stumble over roots ;
Here, the lithe Indian's light, elastic bound,
There, the slow yager's tramp ; the Ranger found
His old hacks on the trees when other days
Saw him a trapper ; and the sylvan maze
Welcomed the Royal Green whose erewhile tread.
Tracked, as the hunter, where the runaway led,
Oneida shines between the stems ; again
They launch their barks upon the grass-hued plain ;
They fright the wild duck from her haunt, they rouse
The fish-hawk from her pine-built nest ; they mouse
Around some lurking bay ; they penetrate
Tunnels of branches where the shores create
Roofs of din, watery caves ; when daylight fades,
The Indians, tramping through the forest shades,
Kindle their camp-fires like great panther-eyes,
And dance their dances ; the flotilla plies
Dabbling, still upward, till the boats they beach
At the Creek's mouth, and soon Fort Stanwix reach,
Where gallant Gansevoort and brave Willett stand,

To hurl defiance at the coming band.
Gansevoort, the young, the gallant, with a soul
That only knew bold duty for its goal.
What though the walls were incomplete! behind
Uptowered a heart no abject fear could bind!
To the foe's threat his fort-made flag he reared,
Sustained by patience, and by courage cheered;
When came demand to yield, he calm replied
With firm refusal, and the worst defied.

Down the green valley fly the tidings; swift
The Germans spring; the living torrents drift
To the Fort's aid; by day, the thronging trees
Are freckled with quick glints; steel glitterings seize
Upon the leaves and change them to white gems;
By night the camp-fires dance along the stems,
Turn green to ruddy gold, and black to red,
Build crimson roofs and floors of carmine spread.
Bold Herkimer has left, to lead the band,
His hearth, half fortress and half house, to stand
Defenseless on the Mohawk; many a roof
A rustic manor-house, walls bullet proof,
Stately in terraces and shrubbery,
Old oaks, green walks to dingle, stunted tree
Eagle-shaped thicket, bushes carved to deer
And wolf, and whose huge hearth glared red with cheer,
Fragrant with woodland feasts, is left to breeze
And sunshine and protecting walls of trees,
While the roused dwellers march with Cox the brave,
And Paris, their loved sylvan soil to save
From the invader's tread; the farm-house, too,
With broad piazza, dormer windows, hue
Of red, and native poplars belted round,
Whose leaves in hot days yield a cooling sound,

With the vast barn of stone, a fort at need ;
And pastures where sleek cattle, frequent steed
And flock luxuriate, also sends its throngs
Wild to avenge the invaded region's wrongs
And smite the foe ; the hamlet, likewise, set
At grassy cross-roads, where the rude church met
The ruder Inn, in whose broad, straggling streets
Neighbor, with news of humblest import, meets
With neighbor, where the learned surveyor dwells
Who chains wild lots, and where the Justice spells
The law to litigants, the hunter claims
Bounty for wolf-scalps, fighting fallow-flames
The settlers strive with handspike and with axe,
Seeing their buckwheat-plats and meadow-stacks
Melting, sends freemen to drive back the foe,
Their sluggish bosoms warmed to patriot-glow.
And the lone dingle, where the shanty's shape
Juts from the windfall's orb — a jaw agape —
With pan and kettle under the propped lid
Of the rough bob-sled, where the spring is hid
By the sunk barrel, and on hemlock-fringe
The inmate sleeps, but up at daylight's tinge
For trap or runway, lone the shanty sees
As the wild dweller, groping by blazed trees,
Wades his dim way to join the patriot band
Summoned to drive the foeman from the land.
Together blent at last, the gallant throng
Down the rough road, unmindful, streams along ;
A hollow lies in front ; the patriots reach
Its causeway ; with a sudden burst and screech
Of rifle shots and warwhoops, savage forms
Rise from the marshy borders ; hissing storms
Of bullets rain upon the broken ranks
That strive to rally ; from the deadly banks

Blazes swift death ; the painted warriors dash
Wild in the whirling midst ; knives, hatchets flash
And foes mad throttle ; Indian, German, close
In grapple ; Ranger, neighbor, meet as foes
Bosom to bosom ; as speeds fierce the fray
The Germans form in circles and repay
Carnage with carnage ; Herkimer has dropped
But still directs the furious conflict propped
Against a friendly stem ; a flashing wakes
Fiercer and redder, a loud tumult breaks
Grandeur and sterner than the deadly scene,
The battle of the skies ! its mightier mien
Of loftier anger checks the lesser strife,
But as it marches off, the fight for life
Rages anew with fiercer, wilder burst,
For now the Royal Greens, friends, neighbors erst
Yea brothers of their foes, have joined the fight
And Havoc greets them with renewed delight.
Here, the clubbed rifle, there, the thrusting spear
And plunging knife ; Cox, Paris fall ! career
The steeds of slaughter through that awful dell
Till baffled, beaten, the cowed redskins swell
Their shrill retreating eries, and quick the form
Of battle strides away, as strode the storm
From the red dell ; down, quiet settles sweet ;
The bobolink gurgles, and the yellow feet
Of the checked partridge print the neighboring scene,
But Nature to itself consigns the dread ravine.

During the sky's fierce onslaught, at the Fort
A whirlpool raged of strife ; the sallyport
Sent Willett forth to Johnson's camp at hand,
And drove him headlong ; evening's air-breaths fanned

The givan Fort in its renewed repose,
While night closed sad on its disheartened foes.

Down to Fort Edward, now Burgoyne has passed.
Want gnaws his forces; his red allies fast
Forsake his darkening path; but full supplies
At Bennington are stored, war's welcome prize
Of food and steeds. Hoosic's green landscapes sound
With Baum's approach; its rustic roads are ground
With cannon-wheels; the red-coat grenadier
And green chasseur trudge on, the promised cheer
Brightening their brows; but lion-hearted STARK
Stands with his rural ranks before the mark.

A picturesque, rude church its little bell
Tinkles one sabbath morn; wild hills up swell
About a hamlet with its palisade.
Meadows of grass stretch out and fields arrayed
In ripening grain; bold Parson Allen mounts
The rustic pulpit, and with fire recounts
How boastful, vain Burgoyne has hither sent
Baum's fierce dragoons on schemes of plunder bent.
"Rouse men of Berkshire, I will lead you! meet
"The red-coat foe!" all spring upon their feet:
The hunter leaves, within the hamlet-square,
The frowning carcass of the sable bear;
The trapper slings his traps upon his back;
The settler ents his latch-string; to his stack
The farmer ropes his ox; the sawmill sings
No longer to its dam; the slider brings
No more the prone log to the severing saw;
The steed stamps idly the locked stable's straw;
The miller brushes from his coat the meal,
And his white rafters hear no more the wheel;

All flock, with Parson Allen at their head,
Down the wild hills; the heavens their torrents shed,
But on they stream to where with his platoons,
Stark waits the coming of the Baum dragoons.

For days along the dim and rainy scene
Had glimpsed the red-coat host; but now serene
Glitters the summer day; Walloomsac's banks
View in their rude array the patriot ranks.
Stark mounts the meadow fence; "see men," says he,
"The red coats! ours by sundown they must be
Or Molly Stark's a widow!" words that claim,
Though quaint, the tongue of everliving Fame.
The golden quiet of the afternoon,
The forests sleeping and the fields in tune,
Is broken by the battle; twice the throat
Of War roars forth its fierce and fiendish note;
In vain the Hessian battery hurls its death!
Up climbs the foe albeit no blasting breath
Of canon aids them; up, still up! they sweep
The Tory ranks away; like panthers leap
Over the breast work; vain the weighty sword
Of the chasseur! as sunset's gold is poured
Along the scene the Hoosie woods ring out
Freedom's great thunder-voice, her grand victorious shout.

On glide the days; the Lion Banner droops
Over Fort Edward's walls. Burgoyne still stoops
His ear for Clinton's hoped approach; instead
Oriskany and Bennington with dread
Seize on his heart and paralyze his strength;
And thus time drags along its lazy length,
The chasseur sees the leafy Deadman's Point
Drowsing in noon's hot haze; the dews annoint

The Balm of Gilead at the water-gate
That lately reared its green and three-trunked state,
With honey dew for bees whose murmurings fill
The drummer boy with sleep ; on Jennie's Hill
Beside the rustie breastwork overgrown
With brambles by rich, ripening raspberries strown,
The hunter pauses with his hound to look
Down in the Fort ; within some shady nook
He sees the grenadier in coarse, red cap
Playing with dice ; upon some grassy lap
The green-garbed Hessian mends his spatterdash,
The Sergeant crooks his chevron, and his sash
The ensign twines ; all speak of peaceful day ;
And as the limping partridge lures away
The hunter from her brood, on Panther Hill
He meets the trapper who, with hearty will
Says Schuyler calls all patriots to his side,
And toward Cohoes both speed with willing stride.

On Rogers' Island, lazy red-coats stray
Among its shades to pass the summer day ;
Or seek the Griffin House where cattle browse
In stumpy pastures, for a night's earouse ;
Tramp the Old Lumber Road where, on its creek
The ruined saw-mill yields no more its clik ;
Where blackened shingles and prone logs stripped unde
And broken stone-boats, all around are strewed ;
Or wander the Old Military Road,
Where stares for hours the unmolested toad ;
Wade through the marsh to gather Indian plumes,
Or seek the Foot-path full of chequered glooms ;
Hang on the wreck of Bagley's Bridge athwart
Fort Edward's creek, whose pools are the resort

Of poising trout ; or, Black Tom roping slow,
Cross McCrea's ferry in his rough batteau.

Others along the Ritchfield Plains would wend,
Between Forts Anne and Edward, at the bend
Of Hudson's bed where the Great Carrying Place
Began, and the batteau its poling pace
Ceased for the wagon's jolt whose canvas cave
Was piled with rustic goods and blankets brave
For settler and for savage, or jerked slow
O'er stony roads, with swinging pail below
And trotting dog, its four great steeds with stalk
Stately, and shrill bells jangling in their walk ;
Pansing at roofs where buyers could be found,
And stores with shelves of cloths and dangling round
With bacon, loaves, whips, lanterns, in dim nooks
Hogsheads and barrels, and with blinking looks
Ranges of entlery, and bringing up
By night, at small, rough, wayside Inns, to sup
And lodge, then on, repeating day by day
The life ; o'er these smooth Plains they oft would stray
Sheeny with flowers, where roads all courses led,
Vecal with frogs from swamps at each side spread
Or rolled in dells and knolls of pine-trees tanned
With their brown fringe, and veined with silver sand ;
Or in some dimpling dingle would they rest
Playing at cards upon a prone tree's breast
Pearled with white lichen, rough with glossy spines
Crimsoned with moss or fringed with fairy pines.
The striped ground squirrel cantered by their side
Brush lifted like a gun ; the wood chuck tried
To leave his den but shrank back as they looked ;
And the rare black fox from his burrow crooked ;
The quail gazed at them, and a movement quick

Betrayed the bell-owl in his covert thick
 Wakened from sleep ; the breezes flitting brief
 Would plant white stars on every wavering leaf ;
 The flying squirrel, bird and brute combined,
 Would shoot askance, until the arbors twined,
 Thickened in evening's shades of India ink
 And from the skies the silver stars would wink.

Beneath a bridge above some shrunken stream
 Where bent the arch, or stretched the web-like beam,
 On the ridged earth they oft would crouch and hear
 The frog's hoarse bellow echoing on their ear
 Like a far gun-roar ; cool the shadows lay
 With here and there the gold dart of a ray
 From chink and knot-hole ; on the bits of sod
 Stood spears of grass and tufts of golden rod ;
 And, now and then, a robin would look in
 And chirp to see the scarlet colors win
 Gleams from the dusk ; below, the waters dark
 Shone like gilt ebony, or shot a spark
 Bright as a toad's eye ; cool and sweetly damp
 The sheltered spot until they sought the camp.

Or in some gravel-pit where bushes clung,
 And merry music from the insects rung,
 On the warm gravel they their length would lay
 Helmet cast down and musket laid away,
 And think how sweetly they could slumber here
 With naught but crickets chirping to their ear
 Instead of reveille and quick tattoo
 Or march to time their tread, and naught to view
 But moonlight stepping on her tender feet .
 Straying around as if their eye to greet
 Free from the tent's close folds ; till glowing red
 On the pit's rim would tell that day had fled.

Or by some half-full brook with pebbly isles
And broken banks where blue the aster smiles,
And the rich sunflower lifts its golden star,
With here and there mossed rock and sandy bar
And sparkling water-breaks like little lutes
That match the bluebird's and the robin's flutes ;
They watch the snipe that leaves its tiny prints
On the soft margin, and the velvet tints
Of the brown rushes as the heron gray
Struts tall among them, and the silver play
Of light on the wet sands where pictures shine,
As in a looking-glass, of wreathing vine
And feathery foliage fringed along the edge,
And bayonet pointing reed and dirk-like sedge
Mingled with moosehead hues, till, sunset gilds
The towering turrets that Day, leaving, builds,
And, the breeze clinging, fluttering, to their ears,
Upon their winding trail the camp appears.

Or by some fractured stump they oft' would pause
To mark the life and tints, the clefts and flaws
Of that small world ; the moss shows golden blots ;
The lichen, scalloped scales ; in little grotts,
Dart in and out black beetles ; busily knots
The spider his white hammock over chinks ;
And sinking, falling, in quick, loosening links
Twitch the gray gnats ; in its cracked ebony
The hollow where the camp-fire whirlingly
Dropped its live embers, soft and cindery
Shows its charred opening ; there, the bumble-bee
Furls his white murmurous mist, and finds his gold
Tarnished with black ; thus, on the time is rolled
In careless pleasure, till the loud tattoo,
Rattling among the trees, tells idling through.

Changing the scene, Burgoyne his camp would trace
Round the Red House at the Great Carrying Place ;
There when the sun is bright, the sentry sees
Madame Riedesel dining under trees.
As the chasseur beholds her gliding round
Off flies his bear-skin helmet, to the ground.
His carbine slides ; the bronze-browed grenadier
Lifts his red cap and smiles with honest cheer,
For the glad vintage of the father land
Lives in her presence ; through its mountains great
Winds the loved Rhine ; the forests melt away,
Cot, wife and children smile ; all shines one happy day.

Now like a sun blot in the circling camp
Her sandled specks the lumbering yager's stamp ;
In the rain-rumbling barn, now, round rough boards
Sitting, with spades by plumes and scythes by swords ;
Under the loft stuffed full of fragrant hay
Where the mustachioed weasel prowls for prey ;
Where pronged the pitchfork, the strawcutter showered
Its glittering dots, and the wheelbarrow cowered
With the grey grindstone, and the resting plow
By the tall ladder leading to the mow
Rustling with insects like a trickling brook ;
And the ash-barrel rounded from the nook.

Burgoyne too, often, brings his epaulets
In the dusk barn when rain the landscape wets ;
His scarlet coat upon the straw would gleam ;
His snowy plumes beneath the rafters stream ;
And when he left it seemed as if the place
Relapsing dim had lost a gliding grace.

Still restless, he Fort Miller's walls would seek
Where at the spreading ford, the rapids wreak

Their foam on sloping rocks; their ceaseless tongue
 Soothed his vexed ear, and when rich film was flung
 By the soft south wind upon the mellow air,
 His glittering greenduke bait would dimple where
 The whirling pebble-stones of Bloody Run
 Had scooped deep pools; his fowling piece would stun
 Some cedar cavern where the quail had sought
 Refuge; or he would rouse his tuneful thought
 To poesy amid the glorious scenes
 Of forest gorges, dingles and ravines;
 Or, with pleased smile would watch the timid doe
 Hiding her fawn too young to flee, as slow
 He trod some grassy aisle; or as his hound
 Tread the scared partridge, echo would rebound
 To his loud shout, while the poor brindled thing
 Too faint with fright to spread delivering wing
 Would cower among the leaves; and thus the hours
 On led his steps through mingled thorns and flowers.

As sunset glows, up Horican's pure tides,
 A battery-corps of Phillips slowly glides
 In large batteaux; as ripple their fronts along,
 The boatmen wake the echoes with the song
 Of their wild, frontier life; the mounted brass
 In the low light gleams golden; black the mass
 Of shade from point and curve of bank; the lake
 Reflects the scarlet coats; the pennons shake
 In the light puffs of air; they pass Burnt Camp
 As the first breeze of sunset winnows damp;
 Then Bosom Bay allures their wandering eyes
 In the rich coloring of the western skies;
 Sabbath Day Point in streaks of brilliance glows
 And its black picture paints the Lake's repose;
 By the bold grandeur of famed Rogers' Slide

Shining in varied tinge, they sluggish glide ;
 Past Prisoner's Island rich in sunset-stains ;
 Juniper Island now their pathway gains ;
 Past green Slim Point ; Bluff Point is now before ;
 Buck Mountain rears its crest along the shore ;
 Sugar Loaf Mountain glows in tender red ;
 On Battery Island, softest tints are spread ;
 Over the water breathes the birch's scent
 The mint's and pine's in balmy fragrance blent ;
 The golden beauty of the evening lies
 Round like a blessing ; the flotilla plies
 Up past Tongue Mountain where the wood-duck oars
 Her flight of terror, and her ducklings shores ;
 The heavy battery-wheels, stout traces, chains,
 Thick massive collars, tough but pliant reins,
 Large saddles studded with big nails of brass,
 And stalwart, stamping steeds, all upward pass.
 Balls are coned round ; great powder-bags and swabs
 Lean in the nooks of trunnions and of knobs,
 With rammers ; men stand, sit, at full length lie ;
 They shout and whistle, gaze on earth and sky,
 Wrestle in sport and fisticuff in joke,
 Their limbs they dangle, and their pipes they smoke,
 Rehearse old war-scenes, fondly hope for new,
 Discuss commanders, pass in swift review
 The late events, and laugh derisively
 At such rude rustics fancying to be free.
 Darker and darker grow the spreading shades,
 Till twilight's glamor the wide scene pervades.
 The sparkling isles all round them looked confused,
 And the whole scene in lonely silence mused.
 Heaves Shelving Rock in front ; they pass it now
 The jeweled Dipper beaming on its brow.
 They mark the lovely tints of evening play

On the calm surface of Ganouskie Bay ;
And now Dome Island in mid sight appears,
And toward it each bateau, loud rippling, steers
Here lies the goal until the morning sheen
And soon the camp-fires glitter on the scene.
Large as a cannon-wheel, the rosy moon
Rises ; the Lake begins its nightly croon,
Ripple on bank, rustle of circling leaves,
All the soft sounds that summer silence weaves,
Some wakeful bird's note, the Icon's startling whoop,
The myriad, differing cadence in one group
Filling the ear. Morn dawns in gorgeous tints ;
The flashing deep the rude flotilla prints ;
Soon Diamond Island's glossy shade is spread
Upon the water's gemmy gold and red ;
Next, close adjoining, sits Long Island green
With leafy beauty, rich in dewy sheen ;
On the batteaux ; Phelp's Bay, upon the east,
Yields to their gazing sight a dazzling feast ;
Along the west, they pass the Rattlesnake
Lifting its crest above the glittering Lake,
Where the glad lustre twines its golden wreath
Upon the trees in the ravine beneath ;
Artillery Cove, with its one cedar isle,
Sends o'er the sparkling flood, its sylvan smile ;
And now the ramparts of a ruined Fort
Rise on the shore, and there, they all resort.
They haul their cannon and they hoist their stores ;
They scale cracked walls and traverse broken floors,
Planting their loads ; Fort George, that late was mute
In forest silence, save the wavelet's flute,
The bobolink's bugle, robin's flageolet,
And frog's bassoon, now buzzed with rush and fret
Of busy life ; and there, for many days

Horican viewed the scarlet banner blaze ;
Till the rough road that linked Fort Edward, saw
Thither the train its jolting progress draw.
Along the base of wild French Mountain, slow
They plunge and crunch ; its summit shines aglow
With sheen, but shaded winds the road ; beyond
They cross the stream of neighboring Long Pond ;
Still on they jolt ; they pass the old stockade
Of the French War ; at night their bivouac made
Within Fort Amherst, at the Half-Way Brook.
And when morn glowed, again their pathway took
Along the forests chirping either side,
Until they hailed the Fort at eventide.

Meanwhile, the tidings of Oriskany
And Bennington careered ; and glad and free
Hope spread white pinions ; throngs to Schuyler pour
Swelling his ranks, all abject terror o'er.
Poor Jennie's mournful doom had roused an ire
Wrapping the region with consuming fire.
The boy strode downward in his rustic sleeves,
His coarse frock fragrant with the wheaten sheaves ;
The brassy buttoned, blue, artillery coat
Trod by the hunting-shirt from wilds remote ;
The scythe, sword-handled, met the king's arm red
In rust ; the plumed cap touched the shaggy head ;
Hid away hamlets, far away farms sent out
Their patriot throngs ; the hunter's startling shout
No longer checked the flying deer ; at dusk
The fireflies saw the trap whose snaring musk
Allured the mink, snap on its gasping prey
With no rough hand to bear the fur away ;
Unseen by prying eyes the otter slid
Down the smooth bank and in the streamlet hid ;

From grassy hamlets and from forests wide,
 From lakes like oceans, and from river-tide,
 From streaks of fresh-blazed trees where sable-lines
 Ran leagues, from watery dungeon-nooks where shines
 The Indian Plume's rich torch; where slender reeds
 Point by the cabin, bright in pickerel-weeds,
 From the green cross road soft with school-house hum,
 From tumbling milldams, and from dingles dumb
 Save to the whistling bird; from all points, came
 High patriot hearts, shrines bright in freedom's flame,
 Crowding the camp where Schuyler, lingering, lay,
 His strength increasing each succeeding day.
 As when the spring tide brings the roaring rains
 And the swollen Mohawk from its winter chains
 Dashes in fury down the broad Cohoes
 And wakes the forests from their calm repose,
 So came the living torrents to the scene
 Where Freedom's banner shone in beckoning sheen.

Back to Fort Stanwix. As Time onward stepped,
 Closer St. Leger's threatening parallels crept.
 In the near meadow at the Scalping Tree,
 The patriot saw the red-skin in his glee
 Wield the keen knife in token of the hour
 When his hot head would feel its horrid power.
 Oft did he see too in the evening glow
 St. Leger's swarthy face and huge chapeau
 By the wild, painted Brant, or Johnson bluff,
 As he surveyed the Fort that in its rough
 Half finished form still showed defiant teeth
 At the thronged foe its sylvan walls beneath.

At last a night of scowling tempest saw
 Willett and Stockwell from the fortress draw

Their snaky lengths through slumbering foes ; they grope
 Through the black wilds until their blinding scope
 Is kindled by the sun ; then on they steer,
 The brook and blackberry their only cheer,
 Till down the valley on their flying steeds
 They Schuyler seek ; their summons warm he heeds ;
 And Arnold tracks Fort Dayton's valley-trail
 And sends on Hon Yost with his cunning tale.

Along the Fort's rough road that led to where
 Fort Stanwix stood, a man with slouching air
 And wandering glance moved swift on ponderous feet ;
 The noontide sunbeams in his pathway beat
 A thread-like trail that through the forest wound
 And scarce mid thickets faint existence found.
 Now the trail vanished in some windfall vast ;
 And now he vaulted o'er the pine tree cast
 By the tornado, rearing frequent bulk ;
 Now waded some slow stream with snaky skulk
 Oozing through rotten mould till one loose bog
 Wallowed about ; his large splay foot would clog,
 And stumble o'er the blind and sketchy trail
 Touching along ; 'twas Hon Yost with his tale
 Apt to his tongue to tell the savage foe
 Of Arnold striking his o'erwhelming blow.

About the Scalping Tree, the red skins form
 In solemn council ; the debate is warm—
 After wise Hah-wen-ne-yo's aid was sought —
 Whether to leave at once the war-path fraught
 With such dire evil as Oriskany,
 Or follow still the King, their Father ; free
 Flows their fierce, guttural talk ; their minds in doubt
 Waver ; a figure at a warning shout
 Bursts on their rows ; 'tis Hon Yost ! " red men fly !

The white man comes to slay ! his hosts are nigh
 Thick as the leaves ! " he shouts ; they start, recoil ;
 The Council breaks ; they flee in wild turmoil ;
 In vain St. Leger hurls his wrath, and storms
 The furious Johnson ; quick retreating forms
 Fill all the portage toward Wood Creek ; and soon
 The golden quiet of the afternoon
 Steeps the wide landscape ; field and stream and tree
 Restored once more to soft tranquillity.

All round the sylvan Fort as sunset shone
 Settled the forest stillness, and alone,
 Instead of wild, fierce prowling forms, it sees
 The steadfast columns of the peaceful trees :
 Instead of flitting red-coats gleaming rich
 In the gold rays from battery, wall and niche
 Of breastwork, it beholds the sweep of leaves
 Gorgeous in all the pomp that sun-down weaves.
 Left even the bombardier in slumber cast,
 And the hung kettles for the éve's repast.
 The low light bathes the empty meadows spread
 Along the Mohawk, trampled with the tread
 So late of foes ; as silver twilight falls,
 And umber thickens on the forest walls
 The landscape hears, instead of sounds that fright,
 The murmured music of the quiet night.

As here scenes change, in Schuyler's island-camp
 At the famed Sprouts, Night hangs her diamond lamp,
 Day his nectarean dome ; it sees the fall
 Of dark Cohoes ; watches the drowsy crawl
 Of the batteau up Mohawk's branching blue,
 The noseless periagna, the canoe
 With paddle-foot, for De-o-wain-sta's belt

Where the sweet valley-river's sources melt
In spongy mosses and in bubbly ooze,
Until all trace the lurking trickles lose.

Upon the rocky isle, like wintry drifts
Tents ridge the scene; a zigzag breastwork lifts
Now, the flat shore; a loop-holed curtain, now,
Joins bastions; a bomb-battery rears its brow
Betwixt low rocks; embrasures skirt the scene;
War darkening frowns in nature's smiling green.
Here Gates, the reins of battle's crouching steeds
Seizing from Schuyler's guiding grasp, succeeds
To that wise hero's post within the car
Whose wheels still wait on fortune's fickle star.

Fronting, in whirling, flashing, plunging shocks,
Cohoes comes dashing down its bridling rocks;—
Comes like a warrior whooping on his path,
His hatchet glittering in his tameless wrath.
Thence the broad Mohawk, dark in eddying flow,
Steals to the Hudson's broader wave below.
In the calm, wrinkling flood, the patriot-camp
Stands on its island, one of four that cramp
The waters to the Spronts that, smiling, bring
Their crystal jewels to the River-King.

Now their adieu, the days of Summer bid,
And cool September brings her catydid.
Gates, roused to action, takes his upward way
To meet Burgoyne who, waked from his delay,
Is marching downward, with his earthward ear
Keen sharpened, Clinton's hoped-for tread to hear.
The forests glint with patriot steel; the air
Echoes and glitters with the stamp and glare

Of foot and weapon ; dead leaves turn to mire
 At trampling feet ; the air, one sounding lyre
 Of fife and drum ; the old oak's leafy speech
 Says " on " not " back ; " the compass of the beech
 By its moss-hands points north ; the hemlock thinned
 With austral blasts says " up ; " the maple skinned
 By the lodged fir, creaks " come ; " and glad the ranks
 Obedient track the Hudson's upward banks.

His fife within his hand, the fifer-lad
 Tramped on ; the baggage-driver whirled his gad ;
 The caannonier, beside his gleaming gun,
 His crunching, pounding, plunging pathway won ;
 Vanltng the prostrate log, the snare-loosed drum
 Jarred by the bonnd, gave out a sullen hum ;
 The king's arm clanked upon the buckle ; rang
 The sword against the rock ; with bell-like claug
 The brass-plate of some pluned cap struck a branch
 Drooped low ; the steel-tipped flagstaff, flashing launch
 Made to the arch the weeping elm o'erlung,
 While in some gust the dangling bugle sung.
 The riflemen's red hunting-shirt yields fringe
 To the thorn's clutch ; the mould's black, smirchings tinge
 Laced leggings ; farn-boys in their butternnt,
 Find how the sedges like keen knives can cut ;
 And soaked boots rumble as they toiling tread
 The deep morass with yielding mosses spread.
 They trace the deer-path round the swamp and seize
 The meaning of the blaze-hacks on the trees
 Traced by the trapper for his figure-four,
 Or dead-fall with its death-pole slanting o'er
 Conched in the bush ; even guided by the scent
 Of the pierced bait for its furred prey, they went.
 But fronting heights now meet the wandering eye

Where river-flats in meadowy smoothness lie
 In crescent green; the army halts, and day
 By day, the spot assumes war's stern array.
 Breastworks crown knolls; and point the bristling spears
 Of sharp abatis; now, a wall careers
 Over some marsh; and an embrasure, now,
 Runs through a panther-lair; the hillock's brow
 Bears the strong battery; while in ranks of snow
 The tents their many lanes and alleys show.

Thy skill, oh! noble Kosciusko! wakes
 These warlike-looks! thy peerless genius breaks
 Over this scene in wily webs that sent
 Freedom's brave sons to strife; so subtly blent,
 So closely hidden, with such caution traced
 That the foe knew not where they lurked, till placed
 In contract by surrender, and thus made
 To fight but with an enemy arrayed
 In battle-order; gladly History keeps
 Enshrined thy name, while proud her bosom leaps
 O'er thy bright fate, to fall in conflict grand
 Oh! hero, patriot, for thy fatherland.

Flashes of steel and frequent spots of red
 Through the dense foliage o'er the landscape spread
 Tell of the Foe; His downward step is stayed,
 And here at last He draws his battle-blade.

Upon thy heights, oh! Bemis! let us stand
 And view the landscape beautiful and grand.
 Northwest, in hue that robes the heather-bell,
 The velvet tops of Horican upswell.
 Downy in distance, sheeny in the sun,
 East, domed in blue, the height of Bennington,

Where likewise those grand peaks, in glimmerings blent,
 Show the Green Mountains, Freedom's battlement.
 That rounded summit, too, in purple drest
 Proclaims where Willard's Mountain rears its crest.
 South, the soft range that gray the horizon breaks
 Tells where its way the Hudson Valley takes ;
 While west, the hills of Saratoga belt
 The raptured eyesight, and in azure melt.

Oh! War, thou frightful fiend, from thy red deep
 Why dost thou spring, dread carnival to keep !
 Hast thou not spoiled this earth enough, that thou
 Must still unveil the terrors of thy brow ?
 Wreathed roses scent the summer air to-day,
 To morrow stoops the raven to his prey ;
 At morn, the sun on life sheds gladdening boon,
 At night, looks down on death, the sorrowing moon.
 Nature abhors thee ; on the battle-field
 She hastes her healing, eager aid to yield.
 On bony fragments twines the peaceful flower ;
 O'er sword and musket bends the grassy bower ;
 Where wheeled platoons and deadly volleys rolled,
 The kinebell chimes, the plowshare curls the mould ;
 In the burst bomb-shell rounds the robin's nest ;
 Where bullets struck, the fern waves feathery crest ;
 But still red Battle wields his scorpion scourge
 And their fierce, maddened flight his fearful coursers urge.

And yet, thy presence casts one smiling ray
 When Patriot Valor piles thy slaughtering way.
 In fire divine, thy altar stands arrayed
 When fatherland calls man to draw his blade.
 Fragrant breathes War's fierce gory blossoms then ;
 A sacred light bathes mountain, field and glen ;

And memory bends a mourner o'er the grave
Where man has died his native soil to save.

And thus, oh Bemis, on thy leafy heights
Did Freedom strive to guard her heavenly rights!
Her voice the torrent and her arm the pine
Dashing and swinging and man's heart her shrine.

And so on that September morn, the hosts
Met in fierce grapple; Poesy that boasts
Celestial birth! not thine the laurel torn
From hideous Battle, but the bay leaf born
From lovely Peace! thy song is not the clank
Sounding, rebounding from the serried rank;
Thy glance resides not in the cannon's flash;
Thou shudderest at the conflict's thunderous crash;
Haste to thy sylvan haunt, to thy green home!
Let not thy fairy, flowery sandal roam
To scenes of war! there, shines heaven's delicate blue;
The robin's warbling greets the sunset dew;
The stream's soft silver glides in sunny dells;
Thy soul-bright eye on naught but beauty dwells;
Yet, though thou shrinkest, patriot voices call;
The trumpet's clangors must not all appal!
Loved country beckons thee thy haunt to leave
For scenes that fire the spirit while they grieve.
Come then on tiptoe, glowing yet aghast,
Thy wild locks streaming on the battle-blast,
Thy form recoiling even while pressing on,
Thy soft eye glittering though thy cheek be wan;
Strip the gold strings of music from thy lyre,
And break its graceful frame with iron wire
Flinging fierce flashes like the musket's own;
Ringing stern crashes like the cannon's tone;

Sing how brave Arnold dared death's fiercest frown,
 And Morgan's rifle won a new renown ;
 How Poor and Scammel dipped their swords in red ;
 Cilley and Learned marked their path with dread ;
 How Phillips thundered, Ackland faced the foe ;
 Riedesel sallied, Fraser showered his blow ;
 Ranks withered, sunk platoons ; on Havoc ploughed ;
 Live streaks of fire shot arrowy through the cloud ;
 The bayonet glittered, gleaned the frequent sword ;
 The musket rattled and the cannon roared ;
 The Heights like Sinai spoke with glare and peal,
 Battle the Moses and the tablets steel ;
 And long as Fame her pen of power shall hold,
 Thy earth, oh Bemis ! shall be changed to gold !
 Piled to a pyramid, Time's sunset beam,
 In living lustre, there, shall lingering stream ;
 Thy name be sculptured in eternal rock
 And told among the beats of Time's unceasing clock.

The night sinks down, but sparkles red betray
 Where tireless arms still carry on the fray.
 Cap-plate and match-box in the battle-flame
 The foci respective, breast to breast, proclaim,
 Till Carnage ceases from his crimson tread,
 And the drear scene but holds the dying and the dead.

The Patriot Chieftain, wakeful, dreads the light,
 Lest the fierce Lion should renew the fight.
 The sable grains where lurk death's lightnings, naught ;
 Ah ! with what danger Freedom's life is fraught !

Burgoyne too, wakeful, stoops once more his ear ;
 Ah ! loitering Howe ! thy succor ! is it near !
 On torturing waves his struggling heart is tost ;
 A conflict like the last, and all is lost.

The morning dawns; the Lion from the scene
 Hath sought his lair within the walled ravine
 And height embattled; sylvan Freeman's Farm —
 That late resounded with wild war's alarm;
 Where dashed the battle in its swinging flow,
 Like grappling billows rolling to and fro;
 Or a majestic pendulum is urged;
 Where the red ranks and where the patriot surged;
 Where gallant Jones, his scarlet coat aglow
 With redder hues, hurled thunders on the foe,
 And died at last beside his cannon hot
 With their live lightnings; — ah that sylvan spot
 How dire the scenes it knew — shines fresh and bright,
 With Nature smiling in the morn's delight.
 Unscared, the meadow-lark soars warbling up
 As the dew dimes the aster's starry cup;
 The robin pipes his clarionet and blinks
 At the round button like an eye that winks
 On the prone red coat; while the squirrel eyes
 The prostrate garb of home-spun, its dull dyes
 Like the brown store he gathered for his cave;
 From his leaf-hamnoek with his sable glaive
 To pierce the flower, the bee drones on his way
 His silver bag-pipe misty with its play;
 All speak of peace, the living and the dead;
 And thus the hours speed on with golden tread.

Days roll along; the patriot picket sees
 The red platoons rich glimpsing through the trees.
 The grenadier surveys the rustie foe
 Pitching the quoit, or drilling to and fro
 The new recruits; the nightly watch-fires glance
 Upon the Indian's circling, stamping dance
 To the bowl-drum's dull beat; the hut of boughs

Wreathed by the patriot farm-boy from where browse
The cattle in the barn-yard, views him fit
The handle of the hoe within a bit
Of sharpened steel, and lo! a spear to pierce
The cannonie when up he gallops fierce
To hurl his bolts; the drummer-boy that wore
His drum until its skin the bullet tore
Turns it into a cage to prison there
The captured squirrel; near, with patient care
Some rustic makes the scythe into a sword,
Perchance to strike, when battle's torrents poured,
The grand Burgoyne himself, as hand to hand
Sickle to bayonet, pitchfork warding brand,
Whirls the blind chaos; arms that wield the flail,
Heap up the cider-press and build the rail
Strike deep; and thus September goes, her breath
Dimming the greenery, like day's twilight death
Filming the landscape, and October comes.
The pine sighs Summer's dirge; the hemlock hums
Its winter prophecy; Burgoyne perceives
The hectic crimson on the maple leaves
And thinks how like his hopes their green was sign
And now when evil fortune makes decline
The red announces doom; then how the blue
Unchanging cedar wore the fadeless hue
Of smiling Freedom's hopes; the birch's gold
His vanishing glory as a warrior told;
The oak's rich purple, of the gore that stained
His path, and, oh despair! what, what remained!

At length he reared once more his wavering front
To blindly dare the battle's fickle brunt.
Again he dashes from his camp as breaks
A long stayed cataract; Slaughter fiercely shakes

Anew his pinions. Poesy upsprings
From the green dingle where the sunshine flings
A gold black chequer, and in quiet she
Couched in the blossom swung within the tree
With bee and bird songs in her shell-like ears
Building her fairy thoughts; and, shuddering, hears
Again the shout of battle; slow her tread
Toward the fierce scene where Carnage reigns in dread
From where the dew condensed its sparkling swell
In silver cupolas along the dell.
Her soft eyes start, her golden hair again
Streams like a sunlit torrent; jars the strain
Her pearly lyre; black scowls the sulphury cloud
Red with the streaks of death; War shouts aloud
In fiendish glee; foes grapple; ranks melt; earth
Shakes with the cannon-thunder; this thy mirth,
Accursed Demon! oh ye beauteous trees,
That rang so sweetly to the minstrel breeze!
How your soft bark — the tricky beetle's home
And all the murmurous wings whose twilight roam
Turns air to music — by fierce, cruel balls
Is tortured! as they strike, what glittering falls
Of tiny shapes! what showers of rainbow leaves!
But vain the sorrow! Battle, ceaseless, weaves
His awful web; "on patriots! charge once more!"
"Back, rebels!" reeks with red the forest floor!
Five times a British gun is won and lost
By Britain and by Freedom, and is tost
By the war's wave to Freedom's hand at length; —
Bold Cilley mounts and dedicates its strength
To Freedom's cause, and hurls its thunders loud
With red-coat charges on the red-coat crowd.
Oh gorgeous Banner, rent but waving still!
Oh Flag of ages! with what warrior will

Thy folds have shadowed realms! no craven arm
 Hath ever borne thee! fortune's smiling charm
 Hath made thee bright! ah, Lion Flag what now
 Darkens thy radiance! Freedom's glorious brow
 Blasts thee with splendor born of lightning spray
 Flashed by wild torrents, born of tamedless blasts
 Whirling round chainless crags, of boundless skies
 Of endless woods, where freest mountains rise;
 Oh trophyed Banner, doth thy Lion droop
 Yea shiver and shrink, yea, shiver and shrink and stoop
 Down toward the dust! on Flag! one struggle more!
 Think of thy glories! let the blood outpour!
 Strike, warriors strike! ah, Flag of high emprise!
 Bold Ackland falls! low noble Fraser lies!
 In vain, alas in vain, thy sons brave death!
 Faint is the strength and wailing is the breath
 Around thee now! but, facing still the foe,
 Thy tread is faltering, waxing weak thy blow!
 Facing the foe, not onward points thy track!
 Facing the foe, but reeling, reeling back!
 The Flag of Freedom follows! bright, with smn,
 Borne by TenBroeck, Poor, Glover, Livingston;
 Borne by brave Nixon, Learned, scornning dread;
 Fierce Arnold leading, Morgan in his tread;
 In vain, Burgoyne plants firm his step to stay,
 Ragged with balls! in vain, in vain, away.
 The chief is swept, whose watch-word was the boast
 "Britons retreat not," swept now by the host
 He scorned; our Banner, brightening as it goes,
 Careers o'er piles of dead, o'er struggling foes;
 Shout! Freedom shout! hurrah! on, on its path!
 On over breastwork, sharp abatis! wrath
 Glares from the Lion's eye! shout, Freedom, shout!
 On, Banner, on! the Lion turns in rout,

The boasting Lion! shout! hurrah! he flees!
 Brave Breyman dies! triumphant Freedom sees
 The Lion flying from the field! hurrah!
 No grander sight, grand Freedom ever saw!
 Waving her flag, she plants it on its throne,
 Shout! rend the skies! hurrah! shout! victory is her own!

Again the morning, but no Lion's glare
 Reddens the field; in sullen, dark despair
 He crouches in his den upon the height;
 While Freedom spends the day in songful, wild delight.

The wrathful sunset lights a sorrowing scene
 In which a warrior train with mournful mien
 Consigns the gallant Fraser to his rest
 Within the "Great Redoubt," upon the crest
 Of that mailed hill where stands Burgoyne to pay
 Friendship's last tribute to the much-loved clay.
 Hiss the fierce, patriot cannon-balls around
 The grieving group, as rise in sacred sound
 The funeral words; but changed at length to tolls
 Of minute-guns whose solemn homage rolls
 Over the twilight landscape darkening grave
 In reverence, likewise, for the noble brave.

As the rain blinds the night, on Hudson's flow
 A boat is tossing; valiant in her woe,
 The tender Ackland seeks her wounded lord
 Within the patriot-camp; the wild blast roared
 O'er the black waves; though bitter rain-sheets chilled,
 Feelings of heaven that throbbing bosom filled,
 And soon her husband's suffering couch she gained,
 Whose pangs she soothed and languor she sustained.

As the rain streams, Burgoyne his sullen tread
 Turns to the North ; no hope remains ; his head
 Bows low ! and yet—if Horican's free wave
 Receives his conquered host, retreat might save
 Surrender — on ! the Night weeps bitter tears,
 But on ! this one sole hope, though glimmering, cheers
 His fainting spirit ! on ! the Lion stoops
 In the black air, but on ! in straggling groups
 His tired and hungry ranks grope slow along ;
 Oh ! how unlike the gay and gladdening song
 Of their advance ! “ Britons retreat not ! ” now
 Shame clogs the step, dejection loads the brow ;
 But on ! the morning dawns ! still on ! the height
 Of Saratoga hails the pallid light
 Of closing eve, and here, at last, the weighed
 And weary step of poor Burgoyne is stayed.

Gates follows after ; from the jeweled isles
 Of Horican ; the stately rocky piles
 Of blue Luzerne, where the majestic crags
 Of Potash Kettle change the clouds to flags ;
 Where the Green Mountain blasts to thunders call
 In stately challenge ; foams the waterfall
 Of the Great Spirit ; where expands the plain
 Of the rich “ Healing Waters ! ” where in vain
 Centuries gnaw the buckler on the breast
 Of Wallface, and Tahawns scowls with crest
 Of scorn upon his vassal peaks ; in throngs
 The patriots sally, fiery with their wrongs
 And hopeful of their rights, to Freedom's side
 Now marching forward with victorions stride.

Shrinking from ceaseless showers of patriot balls,
 Madame Riedesel, in those cellar walls

Hallowed by her grand heart, makes bright the gloom
With fond devotion; at her touch, the bloom
Of roses glows from ashes; suffering's bed
Hears the sweet music of her gentle tread;
She cools hot fever's brow, and with her smiles
The weary hours of tossing pain beguiles.
Thy horrors, War, are tinged with transient glow
By souls like her's, one joy to myriad woe!

Within a ball-swept tent, Burgoyne sits now
In counsel with despair upon his brow.
Curtains of scowling blackness fold him round;
Closed is the net, and he is firmly bound.
Turns he toward Horican? the foe is there!
East, Fellows' cannon-lightnings scorch the air;
West, the live forest but his coming waits;
And in his rear the frowning front of Gates.

At last wakes dallying Howe, and Hudson reels
Under the upward rush of British keels.
Many a brown hamlet on the river shore
At British broadsides, finds its quiet o'er;
And many a stately manor house withdrawn
In its old groves, upon its shrubby lawn,
Feels the hot cannon-ball; — where roll the heights
Of the wild Highlands, and in stately sights
Nature rejoices, curving, now the Stream
To seeming lakes, then narrowing till its gleam
Is lost in blackness from the swelling breasts,
At either hand, of the euroaching crests, —
Standing like islands in an emerald sea,
Frown stern, Forts Clinton and Montgomery.
In vain they hurled their thunders, still in vain
Reliance placed they on the massive chain

Linking the shores ; the struggling Forts were swept,
The chain was snapped, and up the vessels kept
Their devastating way ; — still on, still on !
Their broadsides roaring while their torches shone,
Round many a dwelling slumbering in its trees,
Wakening to fires wild streaming on the breeze
At midnight's helpless hour ; at length in flames
Grassy Esopus sees its rustic frames,
But northern tidings tell that hope is vain,
And Vaughan and Wallace seek Manhattan's spires again.

On Saratoga's height, Song's weary wing
Now folds a space, her glances round to fling.
From " Gravel Hill " gleams down upon her view
Hudson's bright flood ; that fragment of soft blue
Tells the Green Mountains, and it smiles upon
The scene of glad and glorious Bennington
Upon the river bank rise dome-like hills ;
Downward a rich and varying landscape fills
The gladdened eye ; where sunset fires the skies,
The dreamy peaks of Saratoga rise.
Horican's mountains, like the purple down
Of the ripe plum, the North horizon crown ;
Up, Battenkill yields Hudson's breast her charms
Clasping a fairy daughter in her arms
South, the sweet Fish Kill links, too, like a bride
Her sparkling beauty with his lordly tide ;
Outspreads the space of erst Fort Hardy, nigh ;
And here Song fastens her exultant eye.

A pearly, creamy Indian summer day !
Glorious the scenes October's tints display.
Golden the birch, in red the maple glows,

Orange the beech, the oak its purple shows,
 While bits of rainbow, every jewel's hue
 Blossom and bird, and shell, seem draining through
 Upon the woodland mould, so rich and bright
 Thicket and herbage flash upon the sight.

On the Fort Hardy Green, this dainty day,
 The conquered hosts of England march, to lay
 Their weapons down; the hour has struck, and now
 With heavy footstep and with sullen brow,
 They come, but with no patriot eye to see,
 For nobly, Gates in generous sympathy
 Has vanished all within their tents; they come,
 Yet with no banner spread, no beating drum.
 Tramp, tramp, they come! tramp, tramping, rank on rank,
 Tramp, tramp, they come! tramp, tramping; hark, that clank,
 Those piling arms! clank, clank! that tolling knell
 To bowed Burgoyne! what bitter, bitter swell
 Of his proud heart! ah, sad Burgoyne! what death
 To thy high hopes, all vanished like a breath;

The second scene! stretched down the rustic road
 On two long patriot lines the sunlight glowed.
 Each musket shouldered, every flag unwreathed,
 Each cannon pointed, every sword unsheathed,
 A picture grand of flags and swords and guns,
 There stand the States in persons of their sons.
 Virginia's Morgan proudly there; erect
 New York's brave Livingston; in gladness decked,
 Learned of Massachusetts; Valiant Poor
 Of grand New Hampshire; oh, ye brave! secure
 In this your triumph! well might ye rejoice!
 Do ye not hear within your hearts the voice
 The trumpet voice of Freedom? hail all hail,

Ye heroes ! for your courage did not fail
 In trial ! but ye nobly strove and now
 The star of victory beams on every brow.

They come, the conquered hosts ! the grenadier,
 Whose veteran heart has never known a fear ;
 Bare his laced shoulder, bare of musket, worn
 To polish with its weight ; the Hessian, torn
 From his loved hamlet by the Rhine, to fight
 Uncaring in another's cause whose right
 He knew not ; mingling in his train, the bear
 The graceful deer, the furred raccoon, his care
 Has tamed ; and cowering in the midst, oh sight
 Of woe, ah saddening sight, that Flag of might
 That Lion Banner which had, conquering, climbed
 Abraham's prond Heights ! and with its folds sublimed
 By Wolf's grand death, had felt the dying sighs
 Of brave Montcalm — while streaming in the skies
 Blazoned in triumphs, bright in victory's burst
 The Stars and Stripes, unfurled now for the first —
 (Ah, glorious flag the symbol of the Free
 What heart so cold that does not warm to thee !
 Born in the throes of War, on land and sea
 What heart so high that does not bend to thee !
 Crimson with patriot blood, what caitiff knee
 In Freedom's realm that does not sink to thee !)
 Waved, proudly, grandly, gloriously, waved
 Above the Lion, deeply now engraved
 By its first victory, with all hearts all round
 Thrilled in the blithe and rapid-tripping sound
 Of our loved air whose measure to our tongue
 Will cling while think the old and act the young.

As passed the conquered troops, from out the tent
 Of Gates whose hospitable folds had bent

O'er the two chiefs at meat, Burgoyne, in pride
Of gold and scarlet, plumage streaming wide,
And Gates, in plain, blue garb, appeared, surveyed
The moving scene; the first then bared his blade
And, bowing, gave it to the other's hand
Who swift returned it with a gesture bland.

Off march the conquered hosts; the distant hills
Hide them; again the wide encampment fills
With patriot troops; sweet quiet reigns once more;
And Saratoga's last, grand, glorious scene is o'er.

Up rose our sun from this great battle's height;
Swift flew the clouds and all the sky was bright.
Up soared our Eagle, onward she careered;
Her wing cast radiance and her presence cheered.
Wide flew our Eagle; France unsheathed her sword
And sought our side; and Spain and Holland poured
Their smiles upon us; wide our Eagle flew!
Cowpens, Kings Mountain, saw glad Victory strew
Her flowers beneath their tread; till Yorktown wreathed
Our land with laurel; War his falchion sheathed;
And Glory smiling on her WASHINGTON
Led FREEDOM to her Throne; OUR HERITAGE WAS WON.

Hail, noblest WASHINGTON! thy soul sublime
Towers with the loftiest from the earliest time
Great Alexander trampled on a world,
Yet to the cup, inglorious banner furled;
Majestic Cæsar with the earth beneath
Sought but to hide his baldness with his wreath;
Bacon, whose thoughts were stars, his mind a sky,
His rich, bright ermine stained with venal dye;

Marlborough, grand Achilles of the sword!
Lived the mean slave to gold that he adored;
Napoleon, pulse of prostrate Europe's heart,
Shook with weak fear at Fortune's threatening dart;
Alone, blest WASHINGTON all hues to white
Harmonious radiance of transparent light;
Stern, and yet meek, no change of fate disturbed;
His a swift courage by slow caution curbed;
In danger calm, ambitious but in good;
In trial strong, temptations all withstood;
In darkness, breaking out a cheering sun;
No trouble bowed him and no pleasure won;
Fixed in resolve, yet bending patient ear;
In action prompt, in deep disdain of fear;
He drew his sword when country asked his aid,
And when need passed, serene returned the blade
Hiding the wreaths the grateful nation twined
Where green Mount Vernon all his joys enshrined.
A rocky column he, shaft, brow and base,
Of flowery sculpture, and Corinthian grace;
A stalwart oak, with smiling tendrils wreathed;
A pointed spear, in loving roses sheathed;
A mountain, towering in its state aloft,
Built of granite, but with verdure soft;
Holding alike the blossom and the pine,
The storm cloud's shadow and the noontide's shine;
Now, the bird warbling in the dell, and now,
The eagle pealing from the craggy brow;
Hail, patriot Chief, all hail! Historic Fame
In purest gold, hath traced thy glorious name!
Earth has Niagara, the sky its sun,
And proud mankind its only WASHINGTON.

Hail, Saratoga, hail! the whole broad land
 Should peal thy triumph in one pæan grand.
 Nature yields homage; each recurring year
 Honoring thy mighty deeds which rendered clear
 The truth our nation should at last be free,
 October shows its leafy blazonry.
 For in our clime alone those gorgeous dyes
 Vie with the splendor of its sunset skies.
 All hail! may thy proud glories heavenward burn
 Till to a cinder Time the sun shall turn.

And now our Banner! oft its hues it changed;
 Through many varying shapes its aspect ranged;
 The elm of Massachusetts and the oak
 Of Carolina into being woke
 The Tree of Liberty; (how strangely shows
 This patriot union of such after foes!)
 Till a new Constellation altered its blue;
 And red and white their deep, striped colors drew;
 Blue, red and white, like tints that quiver and reel
 Over the velvet rich of red hot steel.
 Wide streamed that Banner! as its folds flashed free
 Auroral splendors flashed in sympathy;
 Until the patriot saw the earthborn dyes
 Reflected in the Standard of the Skies.
 Oh, while those splendors beam upon the sight,
 May that broad Banner glow in living light!
 Oh, may its trophies wave in pomp sublime
 Till melts the midnight of departing Time.

Loudly may laurelled Saratoga claim
 A grauite tribute to her splendid fame!
 In the grand chariot which her warsteeds drew
 She first placed Freedom, pointing to her view

The glorious goal. Shall pagan Egypt bid
The heavens be cloven with her pyramid?
Shall Greece shrine Phidias in her Parthenon
To live till fades the stars and dies the sun?
Rome with her mighty Coliseum whelm
The earth with awe, a peerless wondrous realm?
And our free nation meanly shrink to write
With lasting finger in the whole world's sight
Grand Saratoga's glory? sound aloud,
Song thy wide trumpet! let the heavens be bowed
With Love of Country's wrathful thunders, till
A reverent people, with united will
Shall bid the Monument in sculptured art
Rise, Freedom's visible form, our Land's embodied heart.

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